



The Silhouettes and the Moon



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Chapter 1 by Devix Perez

As soon as the Sun set to sleep, the Moon already arose, woke in its keep. The Moon unyielding its borrowed rays and reflected the hidden in man's ways. The light lit upon the dark that soon brought forth of the Shadowed Monarch. The Moon, mother and creator of the "Silhouettes", the ones that scurry or fathom places unclaimed.

Years and years had passed since the first Silhouettes were birthed. The Sun soon fell again back to a state of slumber, the Moon awoke in it's somber. More Silhouettes arise and a little girl named Tavise under the age of five witnessed the comings of darkness in wonder.

Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



Animated silhouettes toiled in the fields during senna evenings. Nondescript shadows preparing for nature to paint frosted white layers across their lands, so that their silhouetted livelihoods could blend with the long silhouetted winter nights.

Tavise gazed up at the Moon mother, as Moon mother in turn gazed down upon her children with maternal love & iealousv. Tavise swept away some shadowv strands of hair from her dark eyes, as her Silhouette gently distorted to the movement of Moon mother.

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Chapter 3 by Charlotte D...

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In the silver light of the Moon, Tavise wondered through the deserted fields, her shadowy hair flowing swiftly in the wonderfully cool breeze. She felt the world churning with curiosity, the ground shaking with questions. She felt light, lighter than air, and was gently led by the wind to the darkened corners of the field. She swayed back and forth, overcome with a feeling of dizziness, wonder, and darkness. It felt, weirdly, like the color of the sky that touched the edges of the Moon. The color of a shadow. The earth shook, and Tavise was pulled into the ground. She could hear the sounds of spirits whispering, just vaguely, "Shadowed Monarch, Shadowed Monarch..."

Chapter 4 by Crow



Curiosity flooded her mind and ambition danced through her system as an all new motivation sparked in her eyes and wiped some of the sorrow from her face. Her feet glided in perfectly paced steps in hopes of the whispering to be more apparent. Her eyes lifted up to the moon as she moved and the wonder filled her once again with a somewhat different meaning. Her heart beat was steady, as the wind caressed the side of her face. Tavise felt like a balloon strapped down by cinder blocks; her mind up in the clouds and her feet being sewn down by gravity.

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